

A N E L E G Y

Upon the DEATH of

Pope INNOCENT the XI.

Who Died the 12th. Day of *August*, 1689. Aged Seventy Eight Years and Three Months.
After he had Held the Pontificate Twelve Years, Ten Months, and Two and Twenty Days.

Mourn ye unhappy Sons of Mother **Rome**,
And let your Sighs and Lamentations come,
From the remotest Parts of Christendom:
For now Pope **Innocent** the Eleventh's Dead,
Whom Thirteen Years y'ave own'd your Churches Head;
Whom ye so long Infallible Believ'd,
Death prov'd Infallibly, ye were Deceiv'd:
If in the Church diffusive it resided,
Infallibility is now divided;
Unless you think it to be like the Soul,
Whole in each Part, and Total in the whole:
Yet him that Title we may thus far give,
That Politick *Lewis* ne're could Him deceive,
Nor make Him with his Curs'd Ambition side,
Or 'gainst Religion to promote his Pride:
The haughty Tyrants Threats he did withstand,
Boldly inflexible to each demand;
His Barbarous **Persecutions** disapprov'd,
Which made him ev'n by *Protestants* Belov'd:
That Power Usurp'd by some He did disown,
With Bulls to thrust a Monarch from his Throne,
For an Opinion differing from his own.
But Tyranny in Kings, **Romes** Sons Prodest,
Was ne're Approv'd in His more Noble Breast;
Else He had surely lent a helping Hand
To a Late Monarch to Regain his Land,
And from His Treasures, mighty Summs had given
To Re-inthroned him tho' De-throned by Heaven:
But He found better ways t'exhaust His Store,
And Free the *Christian* World from *Turkish* Pow'r;
And where 'twas needful Nobly He bestow'd
His-Church Revenues for the *Christians* Good.
To *Germans* and *Venetians* a True Friend,
Pecuniary Aids He oft did send,
And for th'ungrateful Pole, great Summs Advance,
(Altho' out-done by greater Summs from *France* :)
These ways He knew His Bounty best became,
T'oppose the Enemies of the *Christian* Name.

Thus **Peters** **Patrimony** He Employ'd,
Before laid out in Luxury and Pride;
His Train and Table both He did **Retrench**
Christ's Enemies to Resist; The *Turks* and *French* :
Temperate and Humble for Himself He shew'd,
But fervent Zeal Transported Him for GOD.
And as His Life His Virtuous Acts declare,
So even in Death is seen His Pious Care;
For in His Bed as Languishing He lay,
Feeling how swiftly Nature did decay,
And having the last Sacrament receiv'd,
As by their Tenets firmly is believ'd:
He to the Sacred Congregation sends,
And does to their unbyass'd Choice commend
(On His Departure from St. **Peters** **Chair**)
A Person worthy to Succeed Him there:
And gave strict Charge they should Employ His Store,
To Ease the People, and Relieve the Poor.

If this be *Christian*-like, we may forgive
Those falser Tenets that He might believe;
Yet while alive, small Love He gain'd from some,
So ill true Virtue is Maintained at **Rome** :
Now **Dead**, His Loss they Justly do bemoan,
Ne're truly Valuing their Good, till gone.
Whom with Reproaches they pursu'd of late,
And made the Object of their Causeless Hate;
His Princely Robes they do to Relicts shread,
And pay Him Veneration now He's **Dead**.
Well; let Him rest, and may the next *Pope* be,
No less a Friend to *Christendom* than He;
What more might have been said in His behalf,
Let some *Monk* Crowd into an **Epitaph**.

Licensed according to Order.